



BERRY & WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 3.—NO. 7.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 111.

Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription; **Two Dollars and Fifty Cents**, without abatement, after the expiration of three months.

Advertisements for one square, for one week, **Twenty Dollars**; for one-half, **Ten Dollars**; for one-quarter, **Five Dollars**; for each additional insertion, **Twenty Dollars** for one square, **Ten Dollars** for one-half, **Five Dollars** for one-quarter.

Advertisements for one square, for one month, **Eighty Dollars**; for one-half, **Forty Dollars**; for one-quarter, **Twenty Dollars**; for each additional insertion, **Eighty Dollars** for one square, **Forty Dollars** for one-half, **Twenty Dollars** for one-quarter.

Advertisements for one square, for one year, **Seven Hundred Dollars**; for one-half, **Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars**; for one-quarter, **One Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars**; for each additional insertion, **Seven Hundred Dollars** for one square, **Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars** for one-half, **One Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars** for one-quarter.

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Items of News.

Ex-President Van Buren, we learn, will start for Europe next month. He will accompany his son, Martin Van Buren, Jr., whose impaired health, it is thought, will be benefited by the European tour. Mr. Van Buren himself retains all his vigor of mind and body, and his cheerfulness. The ex-President will be the only one of the Chief Magistrates of the Republic, we believe, that ever visited Europe after his retirement from office.

The Alleged Post-Office Defaulter.—Mobile, Ala., Feb. 24.—The examination of Mr. Smith, the alleged Post-Office defaulter, has closed at Mobile, and he has been bound over in the sum of \$5000 to appear before the Court.

Mobile, Feb. 25.—Mr. Boers, the Postmaster of Mobile, has also been arrested on a charge of being a defaulter. His examination is postponed, however, for a fortnight.

The Buffalo Courier states that a very respectable appearing middle-aged man, from a neighboring county lately passed through that city, on his way to the insane asylum in Utica. He was a victim of the spiritual rapping humbug.

It is said that the aggregate stock and railroad indebtedness of the U. S. States and Europe is \$600,000,000.

The loss of property on the Lakes, during the past year, caused by the burning and sinking of steamers, amounts to near \$1,000,000. The number of lives lost during the same period, is estimated at about 300, which is, probably, far below the actual number.

The Grand Jury of Maury county, Tenn., have recommended the Legislature of the State to pass the Maine Liquor Law and are in favor of making that law the test question in approaching election.

The practice of wearing tight cravats is perhaps as destructive of human life among males, as that of tight lacing among females. Professor Hamilton, in his lecture before the Buffalo Medical College on asphyxia, alludes to tight cravats as a frequent cause of the derangements of that function, as well as bronchitis. When the train becomes excited, the blood rushes there, and if impeded in its return, congestion and apoplexy ensue. A slight pressure upon the surface of the neck will check the circulation.

It is stated that the wealthiest and most influential commercial organization in Europe, has determined to send an agent to the United States for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not the cotton-growers of the Southern States are disposed to throw off the Liverpool monopoly of cotton. The proposition is to create a continental depot for cotton.

Sam Harding.
The Head of a New Settlement.
In the early days of Kentucky history, a hardy pioneer, named Sam Harding, located his family on a spot high up the Kanawha river, at which point he built himself a log cabin, a rude ferry boat, and a small cart for the two or three faithful animals by whose aid he had reached the site of his new home. Sam's wife—a good, notable, industrious woman—aided by their son, a stout boy of twelve, took charge of the ferry, while the head of the household, armed with a long rifle, did up the hunting necessary to supply the family with meat. This division of labor suited Sam exactly, and as it was no very laborious office to ferry over the few travellers who at that early day passed that way, Mrs. H. cheerfully took upon herself the duty.

Sam's head, on his hunting excursions, was garnished with a bright yellow fox-skin cap; a tow shirt tied at the neck, breast and wrists, with strings, covered his muscular breast and shoulders, while his nether extremities were clad in the toe in buckskin. The soles of his moccasins had been mended so frequently, that he might with truth say he had at length obtained a stout understanding. His breeches had but one patch upon them, and that was across his entire rear. Time had made a rude assault in that quarter, but Sam did not chide him for the attack upon his unmentionables—philosophical, like, he turned it to account. He ripped open the top seam of the large buckskin patch, and made it perform the office of a pocket, in which he stowed away his hunting traps, provisions, and a certain tin-flask filled with western comfort in the shape of whisky. Thus clad, and furnished with the bullet-pouch and rifle, Sam, after Mrs. H. had inspected his rig, would saunter forth to make war upon the red deer, or any other "varmints" which might happen to cross his path.

Matters moved along after this fashion for a few years in a smooth current, but finally a ripple came in the shape of a few more emigrants who, by Sam's permission, located on his claim near the ferry. He had cause to repent his liberality, for no sooner had the newcomers fairly established themselves, than the women began to rile up the hitherto placid waters of Sam's duck pond. They began to say that it was a shame that lazy Sam Harding should go about loitering in the woods all day, and leave his poor wife to slave at the ferry. Besides, they commented upon the rudeness of his habitation, and even upon his dress. They said he might—now the neighborhood was improving—become a little less of a savage in his manner and appearance. As Mrs. H. was by priority of settlement the chief female of the town, she was privately consoled with upon the hard lot which fate had inflicted upon her by uniting her to such an incongruous mate, and enterprising whisky-drinking helpmate.

Poor Mrs. H. had never before found out Sam's worthlessness, but it now did appear to her that her new neighbors' cabins looked better, had a few more comforts about them in the shape of a garden, well, &c.; their children too, had their heads combed and their faces clean, besides, "now and then a clean garb; and that the young Hardings had not the same clean faces and combed heads, Mrs. H. began to think was as equally attributable to Sam's laziness as that they had no garden, and still dipped their water from the Kanawha instead of a well. Mrs. H. at length determined to stir up—to arouse his dormant spirit of enterprise.

A certain lecture of course followed this determination, and the outburst staggered the old pioneer worse than ever whisky did. He had noticed something of a change ever since the advent of his new neighbors, but he little thought their presence would envelope him in an atmosphere of clouds from which would occasionally break forth the mutterings of domestic thunder.

About the period of Mrs. H.'s first demonstration against Sam, along came an itinerant expounder of the Scriptures, a good, humble, fearless missionary, who was cheerfully treading the almost unknown paths of the Western wilderness for the purpose of picking up those wandering souls who, without religious teachings, were scattered about in the by places of the earth. Speaking reverently, Mrs. H. thought the missionary—"God-send," for, by his aid, she hoped to awaken Sam from the error of his heathenish ways and refine him into the "respectable head of a new settlement."

The minister asked the good dame, as soon as he found that she was the spouse of the first settler, if he might administer spiritual consolation in her cabin to the thirsty of the settlement? She gave a ready assent, knowing well that, although Sam was absent in the woods, he would on his return, sanction her act. That night was the time named for preaching, and the hour of commencing had nearly arrived before Sam appeared. He had during the day, the worst kind of luck. It appeared that the recent lecture of Mrs. H., which was a most unusual thing to hear in his peaceful household, had preyed upon him and troubled his aim. For the first time in his history, since his location in that spot, he was returning without game, and it annoyed him that he sought for consolation down even to the bottom of his canteen. When he entered his cabin it was with that sullen spirit which, while it inevitably blames itself, is determined to hold all others accountable for its ill luck or bad state of feeling; and what aggravated Sam's assumption was, that the spirit imbibed from the canteen pretty much governed all his movements.

Mrs. H. observed it as soon as he opened the door, and the kiss of welcome with which she greeted him, gave her further evidence that he had drunk deep. His gait was eccentric and all his geometrical movements were in the shape of curves; but he nevertheless managed to hang up his rifle and pouch, and empty his stern-locker of the canteen and sundry other articles of plunder. He then for the first time noticed the newcomer.

"Well, stranger," said he, "thou art—is—what do you come from? and what are you going? and what's the general state of affairs in the new settlement?"

This was a collection of questions which in a sober state it would have taken Sam an hour to propound to a stranger, but whisky made him throw them at his guest's head all in a lump.

"I am a minister of the gospel, my friend," said the stranger, "and am hunting after the lost children of Israel, who are scattered throughout this wilderness."

"Ef thou art scary as the deer I seed in this neck of timber down yore to-day, you'll have a h—ll of a time huntin on 'em up, stranger," responded Sam.

"Nevertheless," said the minister, "with the help of the Lord, I will endeavor to save their precious souls."

"Thou art right," said Sam, still thinking of his ill luck in hunting; "I wouldn't give up tryin," but of the Lord don't help you better than my old rifle did me to-day, you'll have an awful time sure."

The minister told Sam that the Lord never missed His aim, when He pointed conviction to the breast of a sinner, that He generally brought him down wounded to his knees, but that, bless His name, He always healed the wounds He made, and raised heavenward His fallen game.

"Thar he just differs from me," said Sam, "for ef I ever gets game on its knees, it smells brimstone afore it gets up agin."

Sam's wife, who had been for some time endeavoring to catch his eye, that she might check the rudeness of his speech to the minister, now interposed her voice.

"You Sam!" said she, "can't you

talk to the preachers about nuthin but how you git game? Why don't you talk about Scripture and your precious soul, and quit swearing like a heathen?"

"Well I'll swar," said Sam, avoiding an oath, "the woman is going to preach now; and as I am rather weak to stand her sermon, I reckon I'll strengthen up with a little more of that new whiskey afore she gits fairly goin. Will you licker, stranger?" he inquired of the missionary.

"No, friend," said the minister, "and I wish I could persuade you to seek strength only from the liquor pool of God in his infinite mercy rolls in a pure flood past your door. He never designed that his creatures should drink any other. It is to man's body what the word of truth is to his soul, the water of life; while rum is the dark current which sweepeth body and soul into a stagnant pool of physical as well as moral death. Cast it from you, my friend, for there is poison in the cup."

"Well," said Sam, "it's a mighty slow pizen, any how; and if it's taken in small doses, there aint a might of harm in it."

"You shant touch a drop more to-night, Sam," said his spouse, "for the minister is going to preach, and I've sent round for the neighbors."

Sam greeted this intelligence with a low whistle; it took him all aback, as the sailors say; and fearful that the occasion would overcome him, he contrived, notwithstanding Mrs. H.'s objections, to fortify himself with another drink.

The neighbors began to flock in, and ere long the inhabitants of the whole settlement were gathered in Sam's cabin. The minister commenced, and although his sermon was brief, it was a fervent outpouring of natural eloquence, uttered from the heart of one worthy of his mission. He was one of those pioneers of truth whose style might not have pleased the refined ears of city hearers, nor was his discourse delivered with that studied grace that rounds a period with a flourish and marks a phrase by wiping the smoothed chin with perfunctory linen; but the great truths of the Christian religion came from his lips with honest warmth, and he impressed them upon the minds of his hearers by tropes and figures, suggested by the everlasting hills and mighty forests through which he journeyed on his mission of peace.

The sermon being ended he invited all to kneel while he implored the throne of grace that the words he had uttered might take root and in good time bring forth precious fruit. When the prayer ended, all arose but Sam—his head was still bowed down upon his hickory chair. His wife gently shook him, but without avail; she then pinched him, but it was no go. The minister, good man, who thought Sam was keeping on his knees in prayer, wrestling as it were with a wonderful spirit—had by this time reached him, and putting his hand quietly on his shoulder, inquired:

"Brother, how do you feel now?"

"Like h—ll, old fellow," responded Sam, "that thar new whiskey is awful."

Of course Mrs. H. was terribly mortified at this exposure before the whole settlement of Sam's infirmities, and after the neighbors had gone, she shed a flood of tears. Sam tried in vain to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. At length grieved to the heart at seeing his wife sobbing so, Sam promised to do anything she wished if she would only cease. He loved her to the full depth of his honest nature, and he had reason to, for she had been his fearless companion in the wilderness and had made cheerful mid years of toil his rude western home. Sam, if necessary would have laid down his life to secure her safety and happiness. She knew this, and with all his faults loved him dearly, but having suffered deep mortification from his whisky drinking propensity, she determined it should be banished from the cabin.

"I wouldn't have cared, Sam," said she, "but to git drunk at a meetin', and expose yourself before the preacher, and the whole settlement, it's too bad; and she sobbed again as if her heart would burst."

"Well, I'll swear not to drink agin," said Sam.

"I don't want you to swear, Sam," she said, "but make up your mind to do without it, and then stick to your resolution."

Sam, as an earnest of his good intentions, poured his new whisky out into the middle of the road, and when he announced the fact to his sobbing spouse she gave him a kiss of forgiveness, and the pious missionary in the next room besought Heaven to strengthen him through life to resist the old tempter.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The *Savoyard of a Medium*—A man whose name is Samuel Cole, residing in Washington Co. Ohio, who was made insane from the workings of the spirit-rappings delusion, became possessed of the idea that he must offer, like Abraham of old, a sacrifice to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. He accordingly proceeded to carry his object into execution, by taking off one of his feet, which he succeeded in doing some days since, in a very scientific manner, and with a heroic determination that would compare with the self-sacrificing deeds done in the earlier ages. His family fearing that some other of his limbs might be demanded in a like cause, had him conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum, at Columbus, where he is now in the enjoyment of as much liberty as the nature of his disease will warrant the superintendent of that institution in granting him.

The fraud upon the government in pensions must be very numerous. Mr. Macou, an agent of the Pension Office, has recently been investigating certain pension cases, where the bounty of government was suspected of having been attained through fraudulent representations; and out of ninety pensioners examined by him, some sixty-eight were found not to be entitled to the benefits of the law.

Alonzo Java Pasha, who recently died at Alexandria, (Egypt), assured an English traveler that in one season he had lost thirty of his children by infantile complaints. The calamity reduced the number of his offspring to one hundred and thirty.

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.—The following notice appears under the marriage head of the Gardiner (Me) Transcript.

We, the undersigned, have pledged ourselves to each other for life, or as long as we can live in harmony, and now sustain the conjugal relations. This we do without condemning to the laws and customs of this nation in regard to marriage, believing it to be an affair exclusively our own, and that no other, whether of friends, church or State, ought to do or say in the matter.

We deem it necessary to give this notice that our friends and the public may know of our union, that we may not be exposed to slander.

BENJ. F. SHAW.

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Choice Poetry.

Four Stanzas.

The days grow strange, the nights grow cool,
The bees have left the clover;
The maple droopeth in the pool
Its shady summer cover.
All day the swallows southward fly,
All night the wind sighs dreary,
And through the thin veil over it
The moon looks wan and weary.

The crisp leaves rustle on the path
That slopeth to the meadow,
The oak leaf-like the lily-pool
Drops down its naked shadow;
The hand laughs at events
On rippled hills keep swaying,
And doleful sounds through valley wide,
At lonely hours are straying.

Three summer months to warm the heart,
And then the chill frosts follow—
Three summer months to dream of love—
Sore ninety days of sorrow;
And then the South doth end its reign—
The north-wind clip our dreaming—
The shadow droopeth once again,
To end Love's empty scheming.

There is no strife of summer blues
But winter clouds blot over;
There is no light of golden turf
The white snow shall not cover;
No pleasant thing but has its end
When sunny days are wanting,
No note of music for the lyre,
But endlessly complaining.

Thou art Remembered.
Thou art remembered! every breath
Of music that I hear—
Yes, every tone of lute or harp
That falls upon my ear.
Wakes in my soul a thought of thee—
A thought of other hours,
When life was like a goodly walk,
Hemmed in with fragrant flowers.

I never look upon the leaves
That rustle o'er my head—
I never take the lonely path,
Made sacred by thy tread—
But my young heart goes back to thee,
Like an unfettered bird,
To converse with every smile of thine,
And number every word.

Whose music thrilled me like the sound
Of harp by night-wind stirred.
I never touch a faded flower,
Which once adorned thy hair—
I never look on aught that remind
Thy tenderness and care—
For my quick thoughts in shadow fly
Through all life's bright hours,
Searching for thy looks and tone,
As south winds search for flowers.

I never read a book which bears
The traces of thy touch,
But all my thoughts go forth to thee—
The friend I prize so much.
I never see the pencil marks
Thy graceful fingers drew,
But what I read the favorite lines,
And learn to love them, too.

Thou art remembered! doubt me not—
Though parted ever,
Thy memory o'er my spirit steals,
Like late notes of a lute.
And whilst the flickering flame of life
Burns this heart of mine,
Till death steals over me—say, till death,
Thy heart shall think with thine.

The Board of Aldermen of St. Louis has made the magnificent appropriation of \$500,000 for the purchase of grounds for public parks in various sections of that city.

LONG PAVEMENT.—Taking Third street, Philadelphia, from the lower end of Southwark, on to the Germantown road, and then up said road to the top of Chestnut Hill, is said to give one continuous line of pavement fourteen miles long—the longest in the world.

The total population of the world is estimated at \$937,000,000; and that number, collected in one place, with four persons to every square metre, could be contained in a field ten miles square.

There are 36,044 churches in the United States—Independent of the Seminoles and the District of Columbia—capable of accommodating 13,810,806 persons, being an average of 384 to each church. The total value of church property is \$86,416,630. There is one church for every 557 free inhabitants, or for every 615 of the entire population.

The man who was carried away by his feelings has returned safe.

The Cherokee Nation.

Among our exchanges, is the *Cherokee Advocate*, printed at Talequah, Cherokee Nation, both in the English and Cherokee language. The Cherokee characters have a general appearance very similar to that of the old Greek characters. They were invented by Sequoyah, a Cherokee chief. This paper is the property of the Cherokee Nation of Indians, and is edited by Wm. P. Bowdenot. We learn from it that a newspaper is soon to be published at Port Oak Grove, Chickasaw Nation, by an association of Chickasaws. Glancing through the columns of the *Advocate*, we catch a glimpse of what is going on in the Cherokee Nation. Mormon preachers are among them, and it is said "the harvest is large." An agricultural and a Temperance Society are being established. A man named *Wahut* shot another named *Deat-hower*, while engaged in a sham fight, and was acquitted—a history of which is given in a communication from *Yukon-up-ri*. John Ross, principal chief, proposes to sell additional lots in the town of Talequah, on the site of the Talequah Council Ground. Daniel Bushy-head offers \$250 reward for Gabriel Barnes, who stole his grey-horse. Merchants advertise Mackinaw Blankets and Shawls for sale, and offer to take beef hides and fat-kills in exchange for goods. Jacob Bushy-head admires on Jacob Bushy-head's estate, and Nary Nave and Ebey Wolf, wind up the estate of Nancy Timberlake. A Judiciary and Educational Society are established in the Nation. The soil of the territory is fertile, and the moral, social, religious, and literary condition of this amiable red people, are improving every day.—*Nashville Banner*.

A very extraordinary circumstance occurred at the Somerset session, held at Taunton, Eng. Four generations of the same family were placed at the prisoner's bar together. The offences were stealing wood, and the parties were an old woman, named Pole, aged eighty-two; Jane Tapp, her daughter, aged forty-eight; Ann Pole, her granddaughter, aged twenty-seven; and a child in her arms, her great-granddaughter.

There are 8,000 drinking establishments in New York city; and the amount expended in them is truly astonishing. Estimating the daily sales at \$10 each—which is a low estimate—the amount would be \$80,000 a day, \$240,000 a month, or \$2,900,000 a year.

The *Batavia* (N. Y.) Spirit of the Times says that ten dogs were recently sold in that village, the aggregate weight of which was 4,833 lbs. The heaviest one weighed 372, and the lightest, 418 lbs.

More Victims.—The Lockport (N. Y.) Courier says a well known merchant of that city—H. Nichols, Esq. has lost his reason, "owing to some communications that have been made to him by the mediums from the spirit world." Apropos, the Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, says that insanity is fearfully on the increase in New York. From Monday until Friday of last week, five days, seventeen new patients were admitted into that institution—the greatest number ever before admitted in so brief a space of time. There is no doubt that this increase is owing, in a great measure, to the unhealthy state of excitement caused by the "spiritual" humbugs of the day.

The New York Mirror is advised that Louis Napoleon, of France, has given orders to builders in New York to construct for him a fleet of war steamers. It will be remembered that a similar order was sent a few weeks ago to Scotland, which was thwarted by the British Government.

Moses Upchurch, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Chatham, N. C. on the 23 inst., aged one hundred and twenty-three years.